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### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Don Juan.* Cantos iii, iv, and v.  
London. 1821. 12mo.

This production we are assured by a recent letter from London, comes from the pen of lord Byron, the author of the first two cantos. The continuation has been so long promised that public curiosity has lost something of its edge, and we think the present work upon the whole, inferior to its predecessor, but it has great beauties, which, in spite of the grossness and unhappy tendency of some of the passages, will, we have no doubt, cause it to be generally read. We are only able to offer a brief sketch of the poem with a few extracts in the present number, intending to resume the subject in our next.

The third canto begins with the continuation of the loves of Juan and the fair Haidée, with which the original publication concluded.—Love in general forms the subject of some stanzas in the true spirit of the author.

"Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours  
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah why

With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,

And made thy best interpreter a sigh?  
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,

And place them on their breast—but place to die—

Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish

Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.

In her first passion woman loves her lover,

In all the others all she loves is love,  
Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,

And fits her loosely, like an easy glove,  
As you may find, when'er you like to prove her:

One man alone at first her heart can move;

She then prefers him in the plural number,

Not finding that the additions much encumber."

" 'Tis melancholy and a fearful sign  
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,  
That love and marriage rarely can combine,

Although they both are born in the same clime;

Marriage from love like vinegar from wine—

A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time  
Is sharpen'd from its high celestial flavor

Down to a very homely household savour.

There's something of antipathy, as 'twere,  
Between their present and their future state;

A kind of flattery that's hardly fair  
Is used until the truth arrives too late;

Yet what can people do, except despair?

'The same things change their names  
at such a rate;

For instance—passion in a lover's glo-  
rious,

But in a husband is pronounced uxorious.

Men grow ashamed of being so very fond;

They sometimes also get a little tired,  
(But that, of course, is rare), and then despond:

The same things cannot always be ad-  
mired,

Yet 'tis 'so nominated in the bond,'

That both are tied till one shall have  
expired.

Sad thought! to lose the spouse that was  
adorning

Our days, and put one's servants into  
mourning.

There's doubtless something in domestic  
doings,

Which forms, in fact, true love's an-  
tithesis;

Romances paint at full length people's  
woings,

But only give a bust of marriages;

For no one cares for matrimonial coo-  
lings.

There's nothing wrong in a connubial  
kiss:

Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's  
wife,

He would have written sonnets all his  
life?

All tragedies are finish'd by a death,  
All comedies are ended by a marriage;

The future states of both are left to faith,  
For authors fear description might  
disparage

The worlds to come of both, or fall be-  
neath,

And then both worlds would pupish  
their miscarriage;

So leaving each their priest and prayer-  
book ready,  
They say no more of Death or of the  
Lady."

Lambro, the pirate, the father of  
Haidée, who was supposed to be  
dead, is now about returning home,  
after making some valuable captures  
of human goods, which

" He had chained, dividing them like  
chapters  
In number'd lots; they all had cuffs and  
collars,  
And averaged each, from ten to a hun-  
dred dollars.

Some he disposed of off Cape Matapan,  
Among his friends the Mainots; some  
he sold

To his Tonis correspondents, save one  
man

Toss'd overboard unsaleable (being  
old);

The rest—save here and there some rich-  
er one,

Reserv'd for future ransom in the hold,  
Where link'd alike, as for the common  
people he  
Had a large order from the Dey of Tri-  
poli."

The following stanzas relate to  
the feelings of Lambro on approach-  
ing his own abode.

" Arriving at the summit of a hill  
Which overlook'd the white walls of  
his home,  
He stopp'd—What singular emotions fill

Their bosoms who have been induced  
to roam!

With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill,  
With love for many, and with fears for  
some;

All feelings which o'er-leap the years  
long lost.

And bring our hearts back to their start-  
ing-post.

The approach of home to husbands and  
to aires,

After long travelling by land or water,  
Most naturally some small doubt inspires,  
A female family's a serious matter;  
(None trusts the sex more, or so much  
admires,

But they hate flattery, so I never flat-  
ter.)

Wives in their husbands' absences grow  
subtler,  
And daughters sometimes run off with  
the butler.

An honest gentleman at his return  
May not have the good fortune of  
Ulysses;

Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,  
Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses;  
The odds are that he finds a handsome urn  
To his memory, and two or three young misses  
Born to some friend, who holds his wife and riches,  
And that his Argus bites him by—the breeches.  
If single, probably his plighted fair  
Has in his absence wedded some rich miser;  
But all the better, for the happy pair  
May quarrel, and the lady growing wiser,  
He may resume his amatory care  
As cavalier servente, or despise her;  
And that his sorrow may not be a dumb one,  
Write odes on the Inconstancy of Woman."

He finds his daughter, however, to his great surprise and indignation, revelling with Juan. At one of these feasts a Greek minstrel sings a patriotic hymn, applicable to the present period. We extract some of the stanzas.

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!  
Where burning Sappho lov'd and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores refuse;  
Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds which echo further west  
Than your sires' Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;

For standing on the Persian's grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below.  
And men in nations—all were his!  
He counted them at break of day—  
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou?  
My country? On thy voiceless shore,  
The heroic lay is tuneless now—

The heroic bosom beats no more!  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?  
Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.  
Earth! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
Of the three hundred grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopyla!

What, silent still? and silent all?  
Ah! no,—the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer, 'Let one living head,  
But one arise—we come, we come!'  
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords:  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!  
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—  
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
We will not think of themes like these!  
It made Anacreon's song divine:  
He served—but served Polycrates—  
A tyrant; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend!  
That tyrant was Miltiades!  
Oh! that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind!  
Such chains as his were sure to bind."

Then follow some characteristic lines of the author.

"Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung,  
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;  
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece  
was young,  
Yet in these times he might have done  
much worse:  
His strain display'd some feeling—right  
or wrong;

And feeling, in a poet, is the source  
Of others' feeling; but they are such liars,  
And take all colours—like the hands of  
dyers.

But words are things, and a small drop  
of ink,  
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces

That which makes thousands, perhaps  
millions, think;

'Tis strange, the shortest letter which  
man uses

Instead of speech, may form a lasting  
link

Of ages; to what straits Old Time reduces

Frail man, when paper—even a rag like  
this,

Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's  
his.

And when his bones are dust, his grave  
a blank,  
His station, generation, even his na-  
tion,

Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank  
In chronological commemoration,  
Some dull MS. oblivion long has sank,  
Or graven stone found in a barrack's  
station

In digging the foundation of a closet,  
May turn his name up, as a rare deposit.

And glory long has made the sages smile;  
'Tis something, nothing, words, illu-  
sion, wind—

Depending more upon the historian's  
style

Than on the name a person leaves be-  
hind:

Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to  
Hoyle;

The present century was growing  
blind

To the great Marlborough's skill in giv-  
ing knocks,

Until his late Life by Archdeacon Cox."

\* \* \* \* \*

"All are not moralists, like Southey,  
when

He prated to the world of 'Pantisoc-  
rasy,'

Or Wordsworth unexcised, unbired, who  
then

Season'd his pedlar poems with democ-  
racy;

Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen  
Let to the Morning Post its aristoc-  
racy;

When he and Southey, following the  
same path,  
Espoused two partners (milliners of  
Bath).

Such names at present cut a convict fig-  
ure,

The very Botany Bay in moral geo-  
graphy;

Their loyal treason, renegado vigour,  
Are good manure for their more bare  
biography.

Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is  
bigger

Than any since the birth-day of typ-  
ography;

A clumsy frowsy poem, call'd the 'Ex-  
cursion,'

Writ in a manner which is my aversion."

In the following passage we have  
something devotional, which, if se-  
rious, is quite surprising.

"The dwarfs and dancing girls had all  
retired;  
The Arab lore and poet's song were  
done,

And every sound of revelry expired;  
The lady and her lover, left alone,

The rosy flood of twilight sky admired,

Ava Maria! o'er the earth and sea,  
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is wor-  
thiest thee!

Ava Maria! blessed be the hour!  
The time, the clime, the spot, where  
I so oft  
Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and  
soft,  
While swung the deep bell in the distant  
tower,  
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,  
And not a breath crept through the rosy  
air,  
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd  
with prayer.  
Ava Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!  
Ava Maria! 'tis the hour of love!  
Ava Maria! may our spirits dare  
Look up to thine and to thy Son's  
above!  
Ava Maria! oh, that face so fair!  
Those downcast eyes beneath the Al-  
mighty dove—  
What though 'tis but a pictured image  
strike—  
That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.  
Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,  
In nameless print—that I have no de-  
votion;  
But set those persons down with me to  
pray,  
And you shall see who has the proper-  
est notion  
Of getting into Heaven the shortest way;  
My altars are the mountains and the  
ocean,  
Earth, air, stars—all that springs from  
the great Whole,  
Who hath produced, and will receive the  
soul.  
Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude  
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore  
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial  
wood,  
Rooted where once the Adrian wave  
flow'd o'er,  
To where the last Cesarean fortress stood,  
Evergreen forest! which Boccacio's  
lore  
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground  
to me,  
How have I loved the twilight hour and  
thee!  
The shrill cicadas, people of the pine,  
Making their summer lives one cease-  
less song;  
Where the sole echoes, save my steed's  
and mine,  
And vesper bell's that rose the boughs  
along;  
The Spectre huntman of Onesti's line,  
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the  
fair throng,  
Which learn'd from this example not to  
fly  
From a true lover, shadow'd my mind's  
eye.  
Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good  
things—  
Home to the weary, to the hungry  
cheer,  
To the young bird, the parent's brooding  
wings,

The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd  
steer;  
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone  
clings,  
Whate'er our household gods protect  
of dear,  
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;  
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the moth-  
er's breast.  
Soft hour! which wakes the wish and  
melts the heart  
Of those who sail the seas, on the first  
day  
When they from their sweet friends are  
torn apart;  
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his  
way  
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,  
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;  
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?  
Ah! surely nothing dies but something  
mourns!"  
The subject of his own personal  
opinions and actions is continued at  
the beginning of Canto IV.  
"As boy, I thought myself a clever fel-  
low,  
And wish'd that others held the same  
opinion;  
They took it up when my days grew  
more mellow,  
And other minds acknowledged my  
dominion:  
Now my mere fancy 'falls into the yellow  
Leaf,' and imagination droops her pin-  
ion,  
And the sad truth which hovers o'er my  
desk  
Turns what was once romantic to bur-  
lesque.  
And if I laugh at any mortal thing,  
'Tis that I may not weep; and if I weep,  
'Tis that our nature cannot always bring  
Itself to apathy, which we must steep  
First in the icy depths of Lethe's spring  
Ere what we least wish to behold will  
sleep:  
Thetis baptised her mortal son in Styx;  
A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.  
Some have accused me of a strange de-  
sign  
Against the creed and morals of the  
land,  
And trace it in this poem every line;  
I don't pretend that I quite understand  
My own meaning when I would be very  
fine;  
But the fact is that I have nothing  
plann'd,  
Unless it was to be a moment merry,  
A novel word in my vocabulary.  
To the kind reader of our sober clime  
This way of writing will appear exotic;  
Pulci was sire of the half-serious rhyme,  
Who sang when chivalry was more  
Quixotic,  
And revell'd in the fancies of the time,  
True knights, chaste dames, huge  
giants, kings despotic;  
But all these, save the last, being obsolete,  
I chose a modern subject as more meet.

How I have treated it, I do not know;  
Perhaps no better than they have  
treated me  
Who have imputed such designs as show  
Not what they saw, but what they  
wished to see;  
But if it gives them pleasure, be it so,  
This is a liberal age, and thoughts are  
free:  
Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,  
And tells me to resume my story here."  
Elsewhere he advertises to the same  
subject:—  
"Here I might enter on a chaste de-  
scription,  
Having withstood temptation in my  
youth,  
But hear that several people take ex-  
ception  
At the first two books having too much  
truth;  
Therefore I'll make Don Juan leave the  
ship soon,  
Because the publisher declares in  
sooth,  
Through needles' eyes it easier for the  
camel is  
To pass, than those two cantos into fami-  
lies.  
'Tis all the same to me; I'm fond of yield-  
ing,  
And therefore leave them to the purer  
page  
Of Smollett, Prior, Ariosto, Fielding,  
Who say strange things for so correct  
an age;  
I once had great alacrity in wielding  
My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,  
And recollect the time when all this cant  
Would have provoked remarks which  
now it shan't.  
As boys love rows, my boyhood liked a  
squabble;  
But at this hour I wish to part in peace,  
Leaving such to the literary rabble,  
Whether my verse's fame be doom'd  
to cease  
While the right hand which wrote it still  
is able,  
Or of some centuries to take a lease;  
The grass upon my grave will grow as  
long,  
And sigh to midnight winds, but not to  
song.  
Of poets who come down to us through  
distance  
Of time and tongues the foster-babes  
of Fame,  
Life seems the smallest portion of exis-  
tence;  
Where twenty ages gather o'er a name,  
'Tis as a snow-ball which derives assis-  
tance  
From every flake, and yet rolls on the  
same,  
Even till an iceberg it may chance to  
grow,  
But after all 'tis nothing but cold snow.  
And so great names are nothing more  
than nominal,  
And love of glory's but an airy lust,

Too often in its fury overcoming all  
Who would, as 'twere identify their  
dust  
From out the wide destruction, which,  
entombing all,  
Leaves nothing till the coming of the  
just—  
Save change; I've stood upon Achilles'  
tomb,  
And heard Troy doubted; time will doubt  
of Rome.  
  
The very generations of the dead  
Are swept away, and tomb inherits  
tomb,  
Until the memory of an age is fled,  
And, buried, sinks beneath its off-  
spring's doom:  
Where are the epitaphs our fathers  
read?  
Save a few glean'd from the sepulchral  
gloom  
Which once-named myriads nameless lie  
beneath,  
And lose their own in universal death.  
I canter by the spot each afternoon  
Where perish'd in his fame the hero-  
boy:  
Who lived too long for men, but died too  
soon  
For human vanity, the young De Foix:  
A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,  
But which neglect is hastening to de-  
stroy,  
Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,  
While weeds and ordure rankle round  
the base.  
I pass each day where Dante's bones are  
laid:  
A little cupola, more neat than solemn,  
Protects his dust, but reverence here is  
paid  
To the bard's tomb, and not the war-  
rior's column:  
The time must come, when both alike  
decay'd,  
The chieftain's trophy, and the poet's  
volume,  
Will sink where lie the songs and wars  
of earth,  
Before Pelides' death, or Homers birth."

[To be continued.]

*Sir Walter Scott's Account of the  
Coronation of George IV.*

[Whatever falls from the pen of Walter Scott is highly valued by his numerous admirers. It is on this account, and from the excellence of the description rather than the intrinsic importance of the pageant, that we are induced to extract the following from an English journal. It originally appeared as a letter to the editor of an Edinburgh paper.]

Sir,—I refer you to the daily papers for the details of the great national assembly which we witnessed yesterday, and will hold my promise absolved by sending a few general remarks upon what I saw, with sur-

prise, amounting to astonishment, and which I shall never forget. It is, indeed, impossible to conceive a ceremony more august and imposing in all its parts, and more calculated to make the deepest impression both on the eye and on the feelings. The most minute attention must have been bestowed to arrange all the subordinate parts in harmony with the rest; so that, amongst so much antiquated ceremonial, imposing singular dresses, duties, and characters upon persons accustomed to move in the ordinary routine of society, nothing occurred either awkward or ludicrous, which could mar the general effect of the solemnity. Considering that it is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, I own I consider it as surprising that the whole ceremonial of the day should have passed away without the slightest circumstance which could derange the general tone of solemn feeling which was suited to the occasion.

You must have heard a full account of the only disagreeable event of the day. I mean the attempt of the misguided Lady, who has lately furnished so many topics of discussion, to intrude herself upon a ceremonial, where, not being in her proper place, to be present in any other must have been voluntary degradation. That matter is a fire of straw which has now burned to the very embers, and those who try to blow it into life again will only blacken their hands and noses, like mischievous children dabbling among the ashes of a bonfire. It seems singular, that being determined to be present at all hazards, this unfortunate Personage should not have procured a Peer's ticket, which I presume, would have insured her admittance. I willingly pass to pleasanter matters.

The effect of the scene in the Abbey was beyond measure magnificent. Imagine long galleries stretching along the aisles of that venerable and august pile—those which rise above the altar pealing back their echoes to a full and magnificent choir of music—those which occupied the sides filled even to crowding with all that Britain has of beautiful and distinguished, and the cross-gallery most appropriately occupied by the Westminster school boys, in their white surplices,

many of whom might on that day receive impressions never to be lost during the rest of their lives. Imagine this, I say, and then add the spectacle upon the floor—the altars surrounded by the Fathers of the Church—the King encircled by the nobility of the land and the counsellors of his throne, and by warriors wearing the honoured marks of distinction, bought by many a glorious danger—add to this the rich spectacle of the aisles, crowded with waving plumage, and coronets, and caps of honour, and the sun, which brightened and saddened as if on purpose, now beaming in full lustre on the rich and varied assemblage, and now darting a solitary ray, which caught, as it passed, the glittering folds of a banner, or the edge of a group of battle-axes or partisans, and then rested full on some fair form, “the Cynosure of neighbouring eyes,” whose circlet of diamonds glistened under its influence. Imagine all this, and then tell me if I have made my journey of four hundred miles to little purpose. I do not love your *cui-bono* men, and therefore I will not be pleased if you ask me, in the damping tone of sullen philosophy, what good all this has done the spectators? If we restrict life to its real animal wants and necessities, we shall indeed be satisfied with “food, clothes, and fire;” but Divine Providence, who widened our sources of enjoyment beyond those of the animal creation, never meant that we should bound our wishes within such narrow limits; and I shrewdly suspect that those *non est tanti* gentlefolks only deprecate the natural and unaffected pleasure which men like me receive from sights of splendour and sounds of harmony, either because they would seem wiser than their simple neighbours at the expence of being less happy, or because the mere pleasure of the sight and sound is connected with associations of a deeper kind, to which they are unwilling to yield themselves.

Leaving these gentlemen to enjoy their own wisdom, I still more pity those, if there be any, who (being unable to detect a peg on which to hang a laugh,) sneer coldly at this solemn festival, and are rather disposed to dwell on the expence which attends it, than on the generous feelings which it ought to awa-

ken. The expence, so far as it is national, has gone directly and instantly to the encouragement of the British manufacturer and mechanic; and so far as it is personal, to the persons of rank attendant upon the Coronation, it operates as a tax upon wealth, and consideration for the benefit of poverty and industry; a tax willingly paid by the one class, and not the less acceptable to the other, because it adds a happy holiday to the monotony of a life of labour.

But there were better things to reward my pilgrimage than the mere pleasures of the eye and the ear; for it was impossible, without the deepest veneration, to behold the voluntary and solemn interchange of vows betwixt the King and his assembled people, whilst he, on the one hand, called God Almighty to witness his resolution to maintain their laws and privileges, while they called, at the same moment, on the Divine Being, to bear witness that they accepted him for their liege Sovereign, and pledged to him their love and their duty. I cannot describe to you the effect produced by the solemn yet strange mixture of the words of Scripture, with the shouts and acclamations of the assembled multitude, as they answered to the voice of the Prelate who demanded of them whether they acknowledged as their Monarch the Prince who claimed the sovereignty in their presence. It was peculiarly delightful to see the King receive from the royal brethren, but in particular from the duke of York, the fraternal kiss, in which they acknowledged their Sovereign. There was an honest tenderness, an affectionate and sincere reverence in the embrace interchanged between the duke of York and his majesty that approached almost to a caress, and impressed all present with the electrical conviction, that the nearest to the throne in blood was the nearest also in affection. I never heard plaudits given more from the heart than those that were thundered upon the royal brethren when they were thus pressed to each other's bosoms—it was the emotion of natural kindness, which, bursting out amidst ceremonial grandeur, found an answer in every British bosom. The king seemed much affected at this and one or two other parts of the cere-

monial, even so much so as to excite some alarm among those who saw him as nearly as I did. He completely recovered himself, however, and bore, generally speaking, the fatigue of the day very well. I learn, from one near his person, that he roused himself with great energy, even when most oppressed with heat and fatigue, when any of the more interesting parts of the ceremony were to be performed, or when any thing occurred which excited his personal and immediate attention. When presiding at the banquet, amid the long line of his Nobles, he looked "every inch a king," and nothing could exceed the grace with which he accepted and returned the various acts of homage rendered to him in the course of that long day.

It was also a very gratifying spectacle to those who think like me, to behold the duke of Devonshire and most of the distinguished whig nobility assembled round the throne on this occasion; giving an open testimony that the differences of political opinions are only skin deep wounds, which assume at times an angry appearance, but have no real effect on the wholesome Constitution of the country.

If you ask me to distinguish who bore him best, and appeared most to sustain the character we annex to the assistants in such a solemnity, I have no hesitation to name lord Londonderry, who, in the magnificent robes of the Garter, with the cap and high plume of the order, walked alone, and, by his fine face and majestic person, formed an adequate representative of the order of Edward III., the costume of which was worn by his lordship only. The duke of Wellington, with all his laurels, moved and look deserving the baton, which was never grasped by so worthy a hand. The Marquis of Anglesea showed the most exquisite grace in managing his horse, notwithstanding the want of his limb, which he left at Waterloo. I never saw so fine a bridle-hand in my life and I am rather a judge of "noble horsemanship." Lord Howard's horse was worse bitted than those of the two former Noblemen, but not so much so as to derange the ceremony of retiring back out of the Hall.

The Champion was performed (as

of right) by young Dymoke, a fine-looking youth, but bearing, perhaps, a little too much the appearance of a maiden-knight to be the challenger of the world in a king's behalf. He threw down his gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood, and showed as much horsemanship as the crowd of knights and squires around him would permit to be exhibited. His armour was in good taste, but his shield was out of all propriety, being a round *rondache*, or highland target, a defensive weapon, which it would have been impossible to use on horseback, instead of being a three-cornered, or *heater-shield*, which in time of the tilt was suspended round the neck. Pardon this antiquarian scruple, which, you may believe, occurred to few but myself. On the whole, this striking part of the exhibition somewhat disappointed me, for I would have had the Champion less embarrassed by his assistants, and at liberty to put his horse on the *grand pas*. And yet the young lord of Scrivelsbye looked and behaved extremely well.

Returning to the subject of costume, I could not but admire what I had previously been disposed much to criticise—I mean the fancy dress of the Privy Councillors, which was of white and blue satin, with trunk hose and mantles, after the fashion of queen Elizabeth's time. Separately, so gay a garb had an odd effect on the persons of elderly or ill-made men; but when the whole was thrown into one general body, all these discrepancies disappeared, and you no more observed the particular manner or appearance of an individual, than you do that of a soldier in the battalion which marches past you. The whole was so completely harmonised in actual colouring, as well as in association with the general mass of gay, and gorgeous, and antique dress, which floated before the eye, that it was next to impossible to attend to the effect of individual figures. Yet a Scotsman will detect a Scotsman amongst the most crowded assemblage, and I must say, that the lord Justice Clerk of Scotland showed to as great advantage in his robes of privy Councillor, as any by whom that splendid dress was worn on this great occasion. The common court dress, used by the Privy Councillors at the last Coronation, must

have had a poor effect in comparison of the present, which formed a gradation in the scale of gorgeous ornament, from the unwieldy splendor of the Heralds, who glowed like huge-masses of cloth and gold and silver, to the more chastened robes and ermine of the Peers. I must not forget the effect produced by the Peers placing their coronets on their heads, which was really august.

The box assigned to the foreign Ambassadors presented a most brilliant effect, and was perfectly in a blaze with diamonds. When the sunshine lighted on prince Esterhazy, in particular, he glimmered like a galaxy. I cannot learn positively if he had on that renowned coat which has visited all the Courts of Europe, save ours, and is said to be worth 100,000*l.* or some such trifle, and which costs the prince 100*l.* or 200*l.* every time he puts it on, as he is sure to lose pearls to that amount. This was a hussar dress, but splendid in the last degree, perhaps too fine for good taste, at least it would have appeared so any where else.— Beside the prince sat a good humoured lass, who seemed all eyes and ears (his daughter-in-law, I believe,) who wore as many diamonds as if they had been Bristol stones. An honest Persian was also a remarkable figure, from the dogged and imperturbable gravity with which he looked on the whole scene, without even moving a limb or a muscle during the space of four hours. Like Sir Wilful Witwoud, I cannot find that your Persian is orthodox; for if he scorned every thing else, there was a Mahometan paradise extended on his right hand along the seats which were occupied by the Peeresses and their daughters, which the Prophet himself might have looked on with emotion. I have seldom seen so many elegant and beautiful girls as sat mingled among the noble matronage of the land; and the waving plumage of feathers, which made the universal head-dress, had the most appropriate effect in setting off their charms.

I must not omit that the foreigners, who are apt to consider us as a nation *en frise*, and without the usual ceremonials of dress and distinction, were utterly astonished and delighted to see the revival of feudal dresses and feudal grandeur when the occasion demanded it, and

that in a degree of splendour which they averred they had never seen paralleled in Europe.

The duties of service at the banquet, and of attendance in general, was performed by pages drest very elegantly in *Henri Quatre* coats of scarlet, with gold lace, blue sashes, white silk hose, and white rosettes. There were also Marshal's men for keeping order, who wore a similar dress, but of blue, and having white sashes. Both departments were filled up almost entirely by young gentlemen, many of them of the very first condition, who took these menial characters to gain admission to the show. When I saw many of my young acquaintance thus attending upon their fathers and kinsmen, the Peers, Knights, and so forth, I could not help thinking of Crabbe's lines, with a little alteration—

“Twas schooling pride to see the menial wait,  
“Smile on his father, and receive his plate.”

It must be owned, however, that they proved but indifferent valets, and were very apt, like the clown in the pantomime, to eat the cheer they should have handed to their masters, and to play other *tours de page*, which reminded me of the caution of our proverb, “not to man yourself with your kin.” The Peer's, for example, had only a cold collation, while the Aldermen of London feasted on venison and turtle; and such similar errors necessarily befel others in the confusion of the evening. But these slight mistakes which indeed were not known till afterwards, had not the slightest effect on the general grandeur of the scene.

I did not see the procession between the Abbey and Hall. In the morning a few voices called, “queen, queen,” as Lord Londonderry passed, and even when the sovereign appeared. But these were only signals for the loud and reiterated acclamations, in which these tones of discontent were completely drowned. In the return, no one dissonant voice intimated the least dissent from the shouts of gratulation which poured from every quarter; and certainly never Monarch received a more general welcome from his assembled subjects.

You will have from others full accounts of the variety of entertain-

ments provided for John Bull in the Parks, the River, in the Theatres, and elsewhere. Nothing was to be seen or heard but sounds of pleasure and festivity; and whoever saw the scene at any one spot was convinced that the whole population was assembled there, while others found a similar concourse of revellers in every different point. It is computed that about 500,000 people shared in the festival in one way or another; and you may imagine the excellent disposition by which the people were animated, when I tell you that, excepting a few windows broken by a small body guard of ragamuffins, who were in immediate attendance on the Great Lady in the morning, not the slightest political violence occurred to disturb the general harmony, and that the assembled populace seemed to be universally actuated by the spirit of the day, namely, loyalty, and good humour. Nothing occurred to damp those happy dispositions; the weather was most propitious, and the arrangements so perfect; that no accident of any kind is reported as having taken place. And so concluded the Coronation of George IV. whom God long preserve. Those who witnessed it have seen a scene calculated to raise the country in their opinion, and to throw into the shade all scenes of similar magnificence, from the Field of the Cloth of Gold down to the present day. *AN EYE WITNESS.*

[The following humorous parody, which we also extract from a London journal, may serve to contrast with the loyal effusion of Sir Walter, and to show what liberties are taken with the character of the sovereign in some of the prints.]

#### A LESSON FOR KINGS.

TUNE.—*Amo, amas,*  
I love a lass,  
As cedar tall and slender, &c.

*Rego, regis,*  
Good God, what's this!  
What, only half my Peeries!  
*Regas, regat,*  
Good God, what's that!  
The voice is like my Deary's!

*Chorus.* Roar'em, floor'em,  
Shut the doorum,  
Hairum, scarum, strife O;  
Tag rag, merry derry, periwig and cat's  
paw,  
Save us from our Wife O!

I decline a  
*C. Regina,*  
*Rex* alone's more handsome:  
 O what luck, sir!  
*Exit Uxor;*  
*Rursus ego a man sum.*

*Chorus.* Roar us, Chorus,  
 On before us,  
 Hairum, flarum, stout O;  
*Drag, rag*, pretty women, periwig and  
 trumpets,  
 Lord! if I hadn't the gout O!

What a *dies!*  
 How it *tri-es!*  
 Handkerchiefs for sixty.  
*Approbatio!*  
*Sibilatio!*  
 How I feel betwixt ye!

*Chorus.* Curries, burlies,  
 Dukes and Earlies,  
 Hairum, wear'em, grand O;  
*Drag, rag*, very merry, periwig and fat  
 man,  
 When shall we come to a stand O!

O how *bona*  
 My *corona!*  
 Sitting so how *dulcis!*  
 My *oculus* grim,  
 And my *scptrum* slim,  
 And sweet, as I hold it, my pulse is!

*Chorus.* Roary, chory,  
 O the glory!  
 Hairum, scarum, fine O;  
*Big wigs*, little fellows, oil-men and fat  
 men,  
 Hey for *Jure Divino!*

Must I walk now?  
 What a baulk now!  
*Non est regis talis:*  
 Oh for youth now!  
 For in truth now  
*Non sum eram qualis.*

*Chorus.* Toily, oily,  
 All turmoily,  
 Hooting, tooting, quaking,  
*Drag, rag*, feather bed, periwig, and hat-  
 band,  
 Every inch I'm a—king.

Hah! we dine now;  
 This is fine now;  
*Gratia Deo Dandy!*  
 Serve the fish up;  
 Smoke the bishop;  
*Virtus est in brandy.*

*Chorus.* Roarum, foram,  
*Sun Divorum,*  
 Hairum, swearum, drink O;  
 Tap clap, merry sherry, venison, and  
 fat man,  
 Who cares what they think O.

See my Champy,  
 Plumy, trampy,  
 Sadler's Wells an't finer!  
 Lord! he names me,  
 And proclaims me,  
 Never was lad *equiner!*

*Chorus.* Roar'em, joram,  
 Splash and pour'em,  
 Crown us, drown us, vivo;  
 Wag mag, very merry, plethora, and  
 flat man,  
*Vivat Rex* dead alive O!

## SKETCHES OF THE LIVING POETS.

*B. / Leigh Hunt.*

[In the London Examiner, a weekly journal conducted with great ability, Mr. Leigh Hunt has lately commenced a series of lively papers with the above title. We republish the first two numbers, although not agreeing exactly with Mr. Hunt in his estimate of either poet, and shall continue the series as we receive them.]

No. 1.—LORD BYRON.

There have not been many noblemen who have written poetry, or indeed any thing else much to the purpose. They have been brought up in too artificial a state, with too many ready-made notions of superiority; and their lives have passed in a condition too easy, conventional, and to say the truth, vulgar. France has produced the greatest number, because the literature prevailing in that country has been more attainable by common means; but the very best of them, with the exception of Montesquieu, who was a country gentleman, write somehow like lords. Buffon handles men and brutes equally with his gloves on, and Rochefoucault's philosophy is the quintessence of contempt. Even Montaigne, while he laughs at all classes in the gross, shows himself not a little to be Montaigne of that *ilk*. In England, the spirit of chivalry helped to fetch out the genius of Surrey, Sir Philip Sidney, and Lord Herbert; but even they were all more or less hurt by their situation, and expected the Muses to visit them like gentlemen. There was something grand, however, and peculiar, in the solitary courage of Herbert's deism. Dorset and Rochester were men of wit, who might both have come nearer to Dryden, especially the latter. Bolingbroke defended liberty itself like an aristocrat, and for no purpose but to get it into the power of its enemies. He wrote against religion too upon the principle of a feudal baron, who laughed equally at his liege lord and his serfs. As to Horace Walpole, however Lord Byron may find his *esprit du corps* roused in his behalf, he was an undoubted fop, who had the good luck to stumble upon the

Castle of Otranto over his own escutcheon.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron, whom the peerage ought to value much more than he does or can value it, let him try as he may, is the grandson of the celebrated Commodore Byron, whose outset in a disastrous life has interested us all so much in our reading of voyages and shipwrecks. He was born in Scotland in 1791. His father, the brother of the late lord, was an officer in the Guards; his mother a Gordon of Park, related to the earls of Fife. The poetry, that finally took its due aspect in his person, had given various intimations of itself in his family, in the shape of verse-writing ladies and romantic adventures. The race, who were great country proprietors in Yorkshire, were ennobled in the person of Sir John Byron, for his loyal efforts in the cause of Charles the First; but the greatest Byron of old was one recorded in Sir John Beaumont's poem of Bosworth Field for his friendship with his companion Clifton.

As it is part of the spirit of our Sketches to be as characteristic every way as possible, without violating any real delicacy, we shall touch upon some matters which must always interest, and some which shall agreeably surprise the public. This is said to be "an age of personalities;" and it is so; but if we can give the interest of personality without any thing of the scandal of it, we shall perhaps help even to counteract the latter, better than if we said nothing. Lord Byron is of good stature, with a very handsome face and person. His hair is brown, with a tendency to run in ringlets; his head and forehead finely cut; his eyes of a lamping blue, and might give his face too haughty an expression, if it were not for his mouth and chin, which are eminently bland and beautiful. The portrait after Philips in Mr. Murray's editions, from which our wood outline is taken, is the best, and indeed only likeness of him; the others being inefficient attempts to catch his expression under various moods, real or imaginary. It is not new to the public, that all this beauty of aspect has one contradiction to it, in a lame foot; but the lameness is hardly perceptible in a modern dress, as he

sits; and even when he is lounging about a room, he seems little more than sweeping hither and thither with a certain lordliness of indolence. It is a shrunken foot, not one raised upon iron, or otherwise prominently defective. We are the less scrupulous in alluding to this lameness, because it has been mentioned in the grossest manner by some poor creatures, who thought to worry his lordship's feelings. Did these sorry beings contemplate, for an instant, how pernicious their success might be? Too wretched for his revenge, they might yet awake in him thoughts about human nature, for which a defect of this sort does not help to sweeten the kindest. It is remarkable, that the two eminent living writers, whose portraits of humanity are upon the whole mixed up with a greater degree of scorn than those of any of their contemporaries, are both of them lame. The other we allude to is Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter, with a feeling which we shall certainly not call vanity, has been willing to let the public understand, that Shakspeare also was "but a halting fellow." To our minds, that indifferent sentence, coupled as it is in our recollections with another about lameness, is the most touching in all his works. Nor need he, or his lordship, disdain us such an emotion. They can afford to let us have it. As to Shakspeare, we know not upon what authority this lameness of his is ascertained; but we can imagine it probable, were it for nothing but *Ingo's* judgment of *Desdemona*, "Tush, man, the wine she drinks is made of grapes." The circumstance, if proved, and not owing to accident, might lessen a little our astonishment at Shakspeare's insight into things equivocal; but it would add what it took away to our love of his good-nature.

With some other matters respecting Lord Byron, that have come before the public, we shall not meddle so much, for various reasons; but none of them discreditable to any party. They are not necessary to a consideration of his genius, and are almost as little known in reality as they ought to remain. His lordship is quite candid enough about his own faults, sometimes perhaps a little ostentatious and even inventive; but if this, and feelings very

different in their origin from hostility, lead him sometimes into strange vagaries about the faults of others, the public could not be more mistaken than when they fancied him the fierce and gloomy person which some described him to be. At least, neither his oldest nor his newest friends thought him so. The *Don Juan* undeceived people a good deal in that respect. The fact is, that he is much fonder of cracking jokes and walnuts, than heads. No man in private sooner hastens to show himself superior to his rank, which he wishes his ancestor had not obtained at the expense of his riches; and with all that he says about his temper (of which we have heard him talk nobly) he is really so good-natured a man that if we were asked why he insinuates so much about being otherwise, and puts on those strange distant airs, which he does, about his countrymen, in his last work, we should answer, that although it may partly be because his countrymen are really not so pleasant as they suppose themselves, yet the ground of it all is a suspicion that he shall be found too easy and accommodating—a man too facile to influence, and so become jealous of it.

Lord Byron was bred at Harrow, where he cultivated his young friendships and verses with equal ardour. He has told us, that his regard for another living writer was first awakened by a youthful publication, in which similar inclinations abounded. He recollects his school-days with regard; and yet at Harrow the first seeds were probably sown of that mistrust and disappointment at human nature which is so apparent in his writings. School-boys in general understand little but one another's defects; and when he left Cambridge, he was destined to find that friends of whom he expected otherwise, could soon forget him in the bustle of the world. He grew careless and riotous. The first productions of his pen, (common-place enough it is true, like those of all young writers who are brought up in the midst of artificial models) were contemptuously treated by the critics; his hey-day life met with equally injudicious rebuke; and being, as he says, angry with every body, since every body seemed angry with him, he "ran a muck" at

them all in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,"—a work which he has lived to regret. As it was written, however, with feelings of his own, it gave a sample of what he was likely to attain to; and on his return from his travels in Greece, a succession of meditative and narrative poems made an unexpected delight of what his rank helped to make a fashion.

But it will be all over with our *Sketches* if we go on after this manner. Having said a good deal of what every body does not know, we must make short work of what every body does. The great learning of Lord Byron's poetry, if not on the most poetical side, is on that which is more generally interesting; it is the poetry, not of imagination, but of passion and humour. We like nevertheless the last canto of *Childe Harold*, and think it might have hindered him from getting into that controversy the other day, in which the weaker vessel had the stronger side. For the most part, we do not admire his narratives, written in that over-easy eight-syllable measure, of which Dryden thought so poorly. They are like their heroes, too melodramatic, hasty, and vague. But the passion is sometimes excellent. It is more so in his *Lara*, and most of all in his songs and other minor pieces. For the drama, whatever good passages such a writer will always put forth, we hold that he has no more qualifications than we have; his tendency being to spin every thing out of his own perceptions, and colour it with his own eye. His *Don Juan* is perhaps his best work, and the one by which he will stand or fall with readers who see beyond times and toilets. It far surpasses, in our opinion, all the Italian models on which it is founded, not excepting the far-famed *Secchia Rapita*. Nor can we see in it the injury to morals and goodness, which makes so many people shake their heads, both solid and shallow. Poems of this kind may not be the best things to put abruptly into the hands of young ladies; but people are apt to beg many more questions than they settle, about morality; and numbers of such *Don Juans* as Lord Byron's, (not the unfeeling vagabond in the Italian opera) would be very good and proper, if we would let them. A

poet's morals have a natural tendency to recur to first principles, which is a proceeding that others are perpetually making a maxim of, and never observing. If *Don Juan* is pernicious in any thing, it is in that extreme mixture now and then of the piteous and the ludicrous, which tends to put some of our best feelings out of countenance. But if we may judge of its effect on others by ourselves, this kind of despair is accompanied with too much bitterness, in spite of its drolery, and is written in too obvious a spirit of extravagance, not to furnish its own counteraction.

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No. 2.—MR. CAMPBELL.

We learn from a memoir of Mr. Campbell in the magazines, that he was born at Glasgow in the year 1777, and christened by the hand of the venerable Dr. Reid. He received the rudiments of his education at the grammar school of his native city, under the tuition of Dr. David Alison, a man equally celebrated for the skill and kindness of his mode of imparting knowledge; and at twelve was removed to the university in the same place. Here he became so diligent and successful, that he gained prizes every year. He particularly distinguished himself by translations from the Greek drama; some of which, perhaps, are those which he has preserved at the end of his *Pleasures of Hope*. The fondness is natural; but they are hardly worthy of their place. At Glasgow he also attended the philosophical lectures of Dr. Millar, by whom he is said to have been habituated to that liberality of opinion, which pervades all his writings. In these, we presume, are included some anonymous ones of a political nature, which he is supposed to have written more from a sense of duty than choice, but which are distinguished, we believe, for the freedom of their politics, Mr. Campbell being a Whig of the old school. On quitting Glasgow, our author lived for a short time in Argyleshire, and then removed to Edinburgh, where he surprised his new and eminent friends, Stewart, Playfair, and others, with the production of his *Pleasures of Hope*, a poem written at twenty and published at twenty-one. In 1800 he made a tour in Germany, where he had the pleasure of passing a day

with Klopstock. We have had the pleasure of falling into Mr. Campbell's company several times, and think we have heard him relate, that he had the singular fortune of witnessing, from the top of a convent, the great battle of Hohenlinden, upon which he has written some stately verses. We think we remember also, that he spoke of hearing the French army singing one of their national hymns before the engagement, and of seeing their cavalry enter the town, wiping their bloody swords on their horses' manes. But whether he related this of himself or others, or indeed whether others told it us of him, we must leave among those doubtful recollections, which are apt, at a distance of time, to put one's veracity upon its candour. On his return from Germany, Mr. Campbell visited London for the first time; and in 1808, upon marrying, retired to Sydenham in Kent, where he has resided ever since. His second and latest volume of poems, containing *Gertrude of Wyoming*, was published in 1809. Not long afterwards he accepted the appointment of professor of Poetry to the Royal Institution; and he has delivered lectures in that character, which appear from time to time at the head of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

In his person Mr. Campbell is perhaps under the middle height; with a handsome face inclining to too much delicacy of features, and a somewhat prim expression about the mouth. His eyes are keen and expressive; his voice apt to ascend into sharpness, with a considerable Scotch tone. He has experienced the usual sickness of the sedentary and industrious.

The writer of a sketch of Mr. Campbell's life in the Magazines, is inclined to attribute the best part of his poetry to his assiduous study at college; and to doubt, whether he would have made so great an impression on the public "had he not received precisely that education which he did." We are inclined to suspect, on the other hand, that Mr. Campbell's "precise" education was far from being the best thing in the world for a man of imagination and feeling. We cannot but think we see in it the main cause why he has not impressed the public still more, and ventured to entertain it oftener.

Doubtless, it must have found in him something liable to be thus controlled. He had not the oily richness in him, which enabled Thompson to slip through the cold hands of critics and professors, and tumble into the sunnier waters. But we will venture to say, that if he had gained fewer prizes at college, or been less studious of Latin and lectures, he would have given way more effectually to his poetical impulses, and not have reminded us so often of the critic and the rhetorician. There was an inauspicious look in the title of his first production, the *Pleasures of Hope*. It seemed written not only because Mr. Rogers' *Pleasures of Memory* had been welcomed into the critical circles, but because it was the next thing to writing a prose theme upon the *Utility of Expectation*. A youth might have been seduced into this by the force of imitation; but on reading the poem, it is impossible not to be struck with the willing union of the author's genius and his rhetoric. When we took it up the other day, we had not read it for many years, and found we had done it injustice; but the rhetoric keeps a perverse pace with the poetry. The writer is eternally balancing his sentences, rounding his periods, epigrammatizing his paragraphs: and yet all the while he exhibits so much imagination and sensibility, that one longs to have rescued his too delicate wings from the clippings and stintings of the school, and set him free to wander about the universe. Rhyme, with him, becomes a real chain. He gives the finest glances about him, and afar off, like a bird; spreads his pinions as if to sweep to his object; and is pulled back by his string into a chirp and a flutter. He always seems daunted and anxious. His versification is of the most received fashion; his boldest imaginings recoil into the coldest and most customary personifications. If he could have given up his pretty finishing common-places, his sensibility would sometimes have wanted nothing of vigour as well as tenderness:—

Yes, at the dead of night by Lonna's steep,  
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep;  
There on his funeral waters, dark and wild,  
The dying father blest his darling child.

Oh! Mercy shield her innocence, he cried,  
Spent on the prayer his bursting heart,  
and died.

The following passage contains  
most of his beauties and defects:—

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes  
obtrude,  
Than fancy fashions in her wildest mood;  
There shall he pause, with horrent brow,  
to rate  
What millions died—that Cesar might  
be great!  
Or learn the fate that bleeding thou-  
sands bore  
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's  
swampy shore;  
First in his wounds, and shivering in the  
blast,  
The Swedish soldier sunk, and groan'd  
his last!  
File after file the stormy showers be  
numb,  
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush  
the drum!  
Horseman and horse confess'd the bitter  
pang,  
And arms and warriors fell with hollow  
clang!  
Yet ere he sunk in nature's last repose,  
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain  
froze,  
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,  
Thought of his home, and clos'd it with  
a sigh!  
Imperial pride look'd sullen on his  
plight,  
And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at  
the sight!

Here is an event of so deep and natural an interest, that the author might surely have had faith enough in it to leave out his turns, his hyphens, and his Latinities. The dying man thinking of his home, which is well borrowed from Virgil—the awful circumstance of the drum's hushing, and those three common words, "the bitter pang," are in the finest taste; but the horse and horseman must confess this pang, because confess is Latin and critical. *Horrent brow* is another unseasonable classicality, which cannot possibly affect the reader like common words; and the antithesis, instead of the sentiment, is visibly put before us in the pause of the last line.—In the concluding paragraph of the poem, Mr. Campbell has ventured upon giving one solitary pause in the middle of his couplet. It has a fine effect, and the whole passage is deservedly admired; yet the last couplet, in our opinion, spoils the awful generalization of the rest, by introducing Hope again in her own

allegorical person, which turns it into a sort of vignette

We should not have said so much of this early poem, had the line been more strongly marked between the powers that produced it, and those of his later ones.

The *Gertrude of Wyoming* however is a higher thing, and has stuff in it that should have made it still better. The author here takes heart, and seems resolved to return to Spenser and the uncritical side of poetry; but his heart fails him. He only hampers himself with Spenser's stanza, and is worried the more with classical inversions and gentilities. He does not like that his hero should wear a common hat and boots; so he spoils a beautiful situation after the following critical fashion:—

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,  
He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace,  
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear  
alarm,  
Close he had come and worshipped for a space  
Those downcast features: she her lovely face  
Uplift on one whose lineament and frame  
Where youth and manhood's intermin-  
gled grace:  
*Iberian* seem'd his boot, his robe the same,  
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

This is surely arrant trifling, and makes us think of the very things it would have us forget. Yet how pretty is his worshipping a space "those downcast features!" We are in love, and always have been, with his *Gertrude*—being very faithful in our varieties of attachment. We have admired ever since the year 1809 her lady-like inhabitation of the American forests, albeit she is not quite robust enough for a wood nymph. She is still, and will for ever be found there, in spite of the author's report of her death, and as long as gentle creatures, who can not help being ladies, long to realize such dreams with their lovers. We like her laughing and crying over Shakspeare in her favourite valley, the "early fox" who "appeared in momentary view."—

"The stock-dove plaining through its gloom profound,"

the aloe with "their everlasting arms," and last not least, the nuptial hour "ineffable,"

While, here and there, a solitary star  
Flush'd in the darkening firmament of  
June.

Lines like these we repeat in our summer loiterings, as we would remember an air of Sacchini or Paesiello. We like too what every body likes, the high-hearted Indian savage, The stoic of the woods—the man without a tear—  
not omitting the picture of his bringing the little white boy with him, which the critics objected to,

—Like Morning brought by Night.

As to the passage which precedes the wild descent into which he bursts out, when the prostrate Waldegrave, after the death of his bride, is observed convulsively shivering with anguish under the cloak that has been thrown over him; our eyes dazzle whenever we read it, and we are glad to pick a quarrel with the author for ever producing any thing inferior. He certainly has the faculties of a real poet; and it is not the fault of the poets of his country that he has not become a greater.

Mr. Campbell's favourite authors appear to be Virgil and Racine; which may serve to show both the natural and artificial bent of his genius. He has imagination and tenderness, but he has also a great notion of criticism; so he leans to those poets, ancient and modern, who have at once a genius from nature, and the most regular passports for the reputation of it from art. He forgets that what the critics most approve of in the long run, as distinguished from the more intuitive preferences of the uncritical lovers of poetry, obtains the approbation because it flatters their egotism with the nearest likeness to their own faculty. Mr. Campbell's own criticism would be perhaps worse than it is in this respect, if it were really any thing else but ingenious and elegant writing. But there is a constant struggle in him between the poetical and the critical, which he doubtless takes for a friendly one; and in his prose he is always slipping from an exercise foreign to his nature into mere grace and fancy. After reading the *Essay* prefixed to his *Selection of English Poetry*, we recollect nothing but three things, which are characteristic enough;—first, that he seemed disagreeably mystified at the great praises bestowed on our old dramatists by

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certain living writers;—second, that he allows Shakespeare to put us wherever he pleases in a first act, but protests against a repetition of the illegality in a second; and third, that he has written a considerable number of beautiful similes.

## [COMMUNICATION.]

MESSRS. EDITORS,

In one of the last numbers of the Literary Gazette, an "Account of a New Style of Engraving on Copper, in Alto Relievo, invented by Mr. W. Lizars," is copied from the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, in which a particular description of this supposed new mode of engraving is given. Without wishing to detract, in the slightest degree, from the merit which Mr. Lizars may deem himself justly entitled to in the present case, I beg leave to state, briefly, that so early as the year 1814, I succeeded, after numerous experiments, in producing (by means exactly similar to those said to have been employed by Mr. Lizars) "A New Style of Engraving in Alto Relievo," corresponding in all its parts with that described in the Edinburgh Journal; an account of which appeared in many of the papers of that time, and a specimen, with a general description of the mode by which it was executed, were published in the Port Folio for September 1815. Since that period, this method of engraving has been practised with great success, and improvements made from time to time, which have rendered it applicable to many important branches of the art. Having thus stated the material facts connected with the subject, and being unwilling to trespass further, I hasten to conclude by submitting to your decision the question, How far Mr. Lizars' claims to the original invention of the "New Style of Engraving," should be admitted?

H. S. TANNER.

## DON LUIS UNMASKED!!!

(Continued from page 601.)

Before the ex-embassador arrives at the admirable point in the course of his justification, he adverts to the treaty of 1795, and the convention of 1802, with considerable acrimony; declaring them to be impolitic and absurd, and tracing all the spoliations upon our commerce, which gave rise to the present claims, to

the "bad faith of the American government," which, after stipulating in the treaty signed by Godoy, that "the flag should protect the property in whatever war either party might be engaged with a third," three or four months after "stipulated the contrary with Great Britain." p. 136. From this exercise of our sovereign rights in concluding such treaties and stipulations with other nations, as policy, or the interests of the commonwealth demand, and for which we are amenable to no power existing, Don Luis deduces the origin of the then existing dissensions with America, and the numerous claims of her citizens.

Don Luis having established this recrimination to his satisfaction, proceeds to another error of "great and transcendent importance," committed on the part of Spain, by the cession of Louisiana to Bonaparte, in 1800, without distinctly marking out the frontiers, or stipulating that France should not alienate it. Now, the 3d article of the "secret treaty between the French Republic and his C. M. the king of Spain," signed on the 1st October, 1800, stipulates the retrocession of "the colony or province of Louisiana, with the same extent that it now has in the hands of Spain, and had while in the possession of France, and such as it ought to be in conformity with the treaties subsequently concluded between Spain and other states." These boundaries, although not certainly precisely defined, nor at all in union with the diplomatic nicety of Don Luis, are far from being so ambiguous and contradictory as it has been his interest to make them appear—for, it will be recollected, every difficulty thrown into his way by the "errors of the treaty of 1795, and of the convention of 1802," or from any other source, served to enhance the value of his own labours, and palliate the offensive stipulations of the definitive treaty of 1819.

However, notwithstanding the formal protest of the marquis de Caso Irujo, Bonaparte not only sold Louisiana to the United States, but compelled the king to disavow the act of the marquis—and Don Luis concludes the basis of his vindication by attacking the "absurdity" of his government, in having

subscribed to the treaties of Paris and Vienna, "without having required that Louisiana should be restored!" Etruria, for which it had been ceded to France, having been taken from Spain. All these "absurdities," says Don Luis, "are sufficient to show to every sensible man, that the treaty intended to be concluded with the U. S., besides being extremely complicated and difficult, was absolutely necessary to prevent a rupture with the United States, which it was to be feared, would lead to the loss of the whole, or the greater part of South America." p. 139.

Having thus paved the way—or rather scattered it with thorns—he enters at once into a discussion of his treaty. As a preliminary step he protests *in toto* against the nomenclature of its most important stipulation—the cession of the Floridas; which he maintains is a term misapplied, inasmuch as it was "in reality a treaty of exchange or permutation of one small province for another of double the extent, richer and more fertile." p. 146. He, however, agrees "that for greater perspicuity," he might have extended the 3d article in the following terms; "*In exchange* the United States cede to his majesty the province of Texas, &c.," according to the wish of his government; but as he had for three years contended that that province belonged to the king, such an extention would have involved a contradiction. And he doubtless might have added still more substantial reasons for not insisting upon the introduction of a *cession from the United States!*

Thus far, we observe, the ingenious diplomatist has made a regular and triumphant advance; not only proving by a simple arithmetical series, that Spain received a clear compensation of 23 millions of dollars, for the "exchange or permutation" of the Floridas, but likewise a province of "double the extent, richer, and more fertile!" Such an advantageous negociation on the part of Spain, ought conscientiously to have satisfied those "political novices," who had stamped the whole transaction with "the epithet of disgraceful," and represented it as such "to his majesty." But Don Luis, not satisfied with this flattering *postulatum*, resolved to

employ collectively all the defensive engines, that a thorough initiation in the mysteries and tortuosities of diplomacy had placed at his disposal, and drive back his opponents by a joint and vigorous assault.

After painting in as strong colours as possible the difficulties which it became his duty to overcome, the "importance of the work," and the "abilities" necessary to bring it to a happy conclusion, he rightly conjectured that even the proverbial vanity of his nation demanded some slight concessions on his part, and some modest doubts with regard to his individual capability of properly performing the Herculean task, to which he had been appointed. Don Luis, therefore, endeavoured "from the first to persuade the two governments that it would be expedient and proper to establish the negotiation at Madrid." p. 140. This direct compliment to our ministerial agents not having succeeded in persuading the American cabinet, that it was not quite as advantageous and convenient to carry on the negotiation under its own immediate observance at Washington, as to confide it to deputies in the centre of the peninsula, and Don Luis, being thus unable to continue the old and regular system, a delay, he "hinted" to his government that "it would be better to appoint a plenipotentiary adjunct," to assist him in negotiating "matters of so much moment." But his majesty did not take the "hint"—"honouring (the Don) with the most flattering expressions," and giving him "ample powers, without consulting any other person," to settle the business "in the best manner that his zeal and love for the monarchy should dictate." p. 140.

Don Luis now finds himself in a very unpleasant dilemma—"all his hopes disappointed," and "compelled to struggle alone against the American cabinet, the Congress and the Senate, and the opinion of the people," who, very naturally after a lapse of twenty years, were "exasperated at finding that payment for the losses they claimed was delayed." p. 140. Though somewhat appalled at this fearful display of odds, Don Luis buckled on his armour to engage in a contest that might have

baffled the intrepidity of his countryman of La Mancha; and seeing that his Catholic Majesty refused to grant him any assistance, he resolved to have recourse to such resources as presented themselves in this country, and not venture single-handed into the battle. Having, then, formed an alliance with the public papers—in which, by the bye, he had been more thoroughly abused than any other diplomatic agent within our recollection—he "endeavoured to calm the public effervescence, through the medium of three memoirs, published in English under the signature of *Verus*," and thus to "enlighten public opinion, and restrain the views of the cabinet." He seems to attach great importance to his three memoirs under the signature of *Verus*, but we do not learn that any of these important results attended the eloquence of Don Luis; from which we may conclude it was not precisely so powerful and convincing as he anticipated. He, nevertheless, continued "slowly" to discuss the rights of the Spanish monarchy with the secretary of state, and according to his own confession, wilfully delayed the progress of the negotiation. p. 141. But "Hercules himself must yield to odds," and Don Luis de Onis at length found himself in a similar predicament;—so that a definitive treaty of settlement and limits was concluded on the 22d day of February, 1819; making choice of that day," says the Don, "as being the most sacred to the Anglo-Americans, on account of its being the birth-day of the founder of their republic, Washington." p. 141.

Shortly after this treaty, "examined, approved, signed and exchanged," had been transmitted to Spain, a very mysterious business—to say no more—was unfolded, by which it appeared that a valuable portion of the Floridas had been granted to the duke of Alagon, the date of which grants was anterior to that fixed upon for the confirmation of the treaty; thus defrauding our merchants of the satisfaction anticipated from the sale of those lands. The Don, of course, professed to be as little acquainted with this cunning mystery as the American government, and declared his belief that those "donations were pos-

terior to the date fixed upon in the treaty, and that consequently they were annulled." But, continues the crafty and veracious minister, if they should prove to be anterior, I have no power to invalidate them, the treaty having received all the legality of which it was susceptible as a law of the republic, and neither of the negotiators are now competent to alter it. p. 142. So propitious a miracle was seized upon with great avidity by Don Luis, who did not fail forthwith to give "his majesty an account of the *incident*," and teach him the proper method to take advantage of it.

"I insinuated," says the Don, "that if the Americans refused to exchange the ratification of the treaty in the terms in which it was conceived, they would be exposed to the eyes of the world as a people of the worst possible faith, and his majesty would be at liberty to violate it without responsibility;" and that if his majesty gave up the lands "for the benefit of the American citizens," he would acquire "an unequalled popularity, (where?) and perhaps draw from it some advantageous conditions on the subject of the pirates, a point which I had only been able to obtain in part; or some promise (though that would have been no security,) that they would not acknowledge the independence of the ultra-marine revolted provinces, until other nations had done so." p. 143. All this pretty concatenation of benefit derivable from the *Alagon mystery* lived its little day in the Don's imagination, and was heard of no more. But, although we resolutely determined to preserve an equanimity of temper during the present exposition, and fortified ourselves with an additional stock of patience accordingly, we can hardly boast sufficient stoicism to pass over, without direct rurimination, the illiberal charge of habitual *Falskhoon* directed against the American government; more particularly as the pages of his own *Memoir* gives us the decisive advantage of being enabled to prove what we assert.

We have already noticed the extreme modesty of Don Luis, as exemplified in the "hint," conveyed to his Catholic Majesty for the appointment of a plenipotentiary adjunct—which hint, unfortunately

for Spain, was certainly thrown away. The ambassador, notwithstanding this apparent diffidence, is very particular in pointing out the flattering reception he met with on his return to Spain, where "his majesty," "the provisional minister of state, and the rest of the cabinet," all acknowledged his "zeal, prudence, and activity in the negociation;" thus counterbalancing any unfavourable impression that might arise from a previous confession, or at least fear of incapacity. But, truly, it is difficult to assimilate this reception with the little consideration attached to his opinion, and the strict silence of the Spanish administration in all matters connected with the treaty of De Onis, as well as the determination of the ministry to suspend the ratification of that treaty. The ex-ambassador became marvellously vexed at the pointed neglect of the cabinet, who never "asked him a single word" about the negociation in which he had been labouring "during three years and an half," and manfully resolved not to open his lips upon the subject until "he should be questioned;" or—as we remember to have been the school-boy firmness of our early days—not *"to speak first."*

"I was of an inflexible and obstinate character, and above all partial on a subject in which I had had so large a part, and I thought it a point of honour to remain passive until I should be questioned, or until circumstances should force me to present (as I now do) to my fellow citizens, in their native idiom, the true picture of these negociations." p. 145.

We have already pointed out the "circumstances" that led to this vindication, among which the mortifying silence of the Spanish cabinet was not less galling, than the disgraceful insinuations of the community at large.

We have neglected to remark, that among the lesser agents in support of his conduct, Don Luis advert to the superiority of *his* treaty over those of Paris and Vienna, "AND THAT OF THE SLAVE TRADE which shut the door to the infant prosperity of (their) American islands!" p. 146. Is it possible that any individual who has resided ten years in these United States, can publicly avow himself an advocate of the most monstrous and diabolical traffic, that ever disgraced the history

of civilized man?—of a system of rapine and murder, so repugnant to every moral and religious doctrine, so abhorrent and impious, so barbarous and accursed, that an eternity of repentance could hardly wipe out the bloody stigma of its perpetration? What are we compelled to think of the sensibility of this humane Spaniard, who "cannot look without horror, upon the system of piracy, organized in the city of Baltimore, a thousand times more mischievous than that of the Barbary powers," and at the same time defends a horrible traffic in human flesh? Who dares, within the compass of the same volume, to anathematise the atrocity of the piratical "Anglo-American monsters," their "assassination of innocent victims," and their "infliction of the most cruel torments"—and stand forth the advocate of "one long continuous crime, involving every possible definition of evil, and combining the wildest physical suffering with the most atrocious moral depravity?"\*

We maintain, that the whole collective body of crimes, whether of plunder, of cruelty, or of murder, perpetrated by all the pirates that have existed since the discovery of the New World,—and they have been indeed numerous, do not equal in monstrous deformity the traffic of one single year in the *BLOOD OF AFRICA*!—and that, allowing the full extent of Don Onis' suspicions and assertions, the accumulated actions of every patriot, privateer and pirate of South and North America during the present century, are "childhood innocence," in comparison with the savage horrors of ONE "MIDDLE PASSAGE." "I have not forgotten the horrors of the Middle Passage," exclaimed Mr. Beaufoy in the House of Commons,† "or the mortality attending it, which, was it as great all over the globe, as in the slave ships, would, in *fourteen years*, carry off the *whole human race*, and make of the earth *one vast charnel house*. Show me a crime of any sort, and in the slave trade I will show you that crime in a state of tenfold aggravated. Give me an instance of guilt atrocious and abhorred, and

the slave trade will exhibit instances of that guilt, more inveterate, more strongly rooted in all, diffusing a more malignant poison, and spreading a deeper horror. All other injustice, all other modes of desolating nature, of blasting the happiness of man, and defeating the purposes of God, lose, in comparison with this, their very name and character of evil. Their taint is too mild to disgust, their deformity is too slight to offend. The shrieks of solitary murder—what are they when compared with the sounds of horror that daily and nightly ascend from the hatchway of the slave ship? I have heard of the cruelties of the inquisitions of Portugal and Spain, but what is their scanty account of blood, when compared with that sweep of death, that boundless desolation, which accompanies the negro traffic! Superstition has been called man's chief destroyer; but superstition herself is less obdurate, less persevering, less steadfast in her cruelty, than this cool, reflecting, deliberate, remorseless commerce." And yet these "regions of the damned," as Mr. Windham, in the same debate, emphatically denominates "the section of a slave ship," find a vindicator in the person of Don Luis de Onis! These abodes of suffering and murder, cursed with "all the foul terrors in dark sealed hell," are justified by their subserviency to the "infant prosperity" of the Spanish West Indies! The burning of villages—the excitement of desolating wars—the plunder of human flesh along the wide extent of the African coast—the demoniac barbarity of the slave dealers, among whom instances are not wanting of their human cargoes having been *cast into the sea* "in order to defraud the underwriters," and thrown overboard in *casks* to avoid the seizure and condemnation of the vessel—the inconceivable miseries in the transportation of the suffering slaves, each of whom, whatever his size may be, is stowed or packed into a space of "five feet six inches in length, and sixteen inches in breadth," with an intervening height of little more than two feet between his living coffin and the superincumbent platform or layer of slaves, or the deck—the poor wretches "chained two and two together, by their hands and feet," and fastened by

\* Edinburgh Review.

† Parliamentary Chronicle. Debate on Slave Trade. April 25th 1792.

Walsh's United States and England. p. 331.

means of ring-bolts to the deck, forced to eat when "sulky" by the application of an "instrument kept on board" for the purpose, and to "dance under the lash" for the benefit of their health—perishing from suffocation, and the putrid and fatal disorders occasioned by noisomeness and filth, "so that the officers who inspected them in a morning have had occasionally to pick dead slaves out of their rows, and to unchain their carcasses from the bodies of their fellow sufferers to whom they are fastened." These are the horrors of the Middle Passage which Don Luis defends!—The scene and practices in the ports of the West Indies—the sickly and disordered slaves "made up for the market by means of astrigents, washes, mercurial ointments, and repelling drugs, so that their wounds and diseases might be hid"—the speculations in the diseased or the dying—the landing of these wretches "in the agonies of death," in which state they have been sold "as low as a dollar"—the murdered victims breathing their last sigh "in the piazzas of the vendue-masters"—the shocking mortality independent of the devastations in Africa, by which not more than FIFTY in every HUNDRED survive the transportation and "seasoning," and live "to become effective labourers" in the islands;\* these are the horrors of the West India slaves which Don Luis justifies! These are the crimes of scarlet necessary to promote the "infant prosperity" of the Spanish islands!

Better would it be for the great cause of human nature, that these islands should sink forever in the bosom of the waters and be seen by man no more, than ground their prosperity on a trade, "contrary to the laws of God and the rights of man." Better would it be that every atom of Spanish commerce should be utterly destroyed and her flag swept away from the ocean, than suffer so great a proportion of the little remnant, in violation of the most solemn treaties, to continue its diabolical depredations on the coast of Africa—not only pursuing this career with insatiable avidity

\* Walsh's United States and England, p. 306, &c. &c. &c.

Edinburgh Review, No. 8.

Speech of Wilberforce on slave trade.

in the persons of her own citizens, but affording a shelter and a flag to the avaricious, the criminal, and the blood-thirsty of all other nations. It is, truly, an imperishable stigma upon the general character of the Spanish and Portuguese flags, to find them in universal use as coverings to rapine, carnage and desolation.

We may venture to say, notwithstanding M. Onis' conception that he had "attended to the honour and interest of the nation somewhat more" in his treaty, than had been the case with that of the 23d Sept. 1817, relative to the slave trade; that the Spanish government was better satisfied with the *four hundred thousand pounds sterling* by which it was hired to abolish that trade, than with the *twenty-three millions of dollars* received for the Floridas! It appears, indeed, to us a most unparalleled instance of effrontery, with the records before us showing that in one year (1817) "the Spaniards carried from the west coast **ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND SLAVES**," to venture a comparison between the treaty of Washington, 1819, ceding the Floridas, and that of Madrid, 1817, providing for the extirpation of that bloody traffic—especially as De Onis must have been perfectly aware that, notwithstanding the pecuniary sacrifices of Great Britain, then so much needed by Spain, and in consideration of which it was stipulated to renounce the slave trade at once to the north of the line, and prohibit it entirely in all her dominions, after the 30th day of May, 1820, it was still greedily pursued in direct violation of the restrictive stipulation, and after the term of its nominal extinction, triumphantly prosecuted (and still prosecutes) its career of infamy and iniquity, to the disgrace of the governmental faith—of the ruling powers of Europe—and of the character of man. M. de Onis knew well how to gratify the disposition of the Spanish people, and attain his private views, by thus placing at once before them the unpopular abolition of a lawless traffic, and the stipulated cession of the Floridas—which could not fail to result in his favour.

But to return to the second point from which we have so widely digressed. In pursuance of his plan,

it was found necessary and advantageous, as we have already stated, to show, that if the *voluntary* cession of the Floridas had not been made, the "Anglo-American" government would have reimbursed its plundered citizens by the forcible occupancy of that country; but as this fact was of general notoriety, and consequently not calculated to produce a very powerful effect, it became a matter of great moment to magnify the ambitious character and views of the American cabinet, in such a manner as would give to his treaty the distinguished merit of having rescued his majesty's colonial possessions, not only in America, but in the *East Indies*, from the grasp of the infant Hercules! The importance attached to the attainment of this object is evident throughout the Memoir, Don Luis seizing every opportunity to iterate and reiterate the charge of "*mad and presumptuous ambition*," and impress its truth upon the minds of the Cortes and nation.

"Upon the first movements of the revolution in Spain, the ambition of the Anglo American people was excited, and in the enthusiasm of their *presumptuous pride* and their gigantic projects, they believed that the time had arrived when a considerable portion of Spanish America was about to fall into their power, and the rest, after being emancipated, to submit to their influence." p. 14.

"When Volney thus wrote, the Americans had not acquired Louisiana, nor had their view been expanded over the brilliant prospect which was afterwards opened to their mad and presumptuous ambition." p. 23.

"The Americans at present think themselves superior to all the nations of Europe, and believe that their dominion is destined to extend, now to the isthmus of Panama, and hereafter over all the regions of the new world." p. 23.

"Of late years they have been constantly emigrating, principally to the territories of Louisiana, and others usurped from Spain in the Floridas, provinces of Tejas and New Mexico, as well as to those which, under various pretexts, the government has successively seized upon from the Indians." p. 27.

"Cultivation has scarcely yet begun to be encouraged at some few points of this vast region; but as both the government and individuals extend their ambitious views, even with enthusiasm to the fertile and charming countries of New Mexico, Tejas and other provinces in the interior of Mexico, it is probable that the population will daily increase in the Illinois, and other districts border

ing on the Spanish provinces, and that it will progressively extend along the latter." p. 29.

"The insurrection in Spanish America opened a field equally flattering to their avarice and ambition." p. 31.

"But there is no doubt that the Americans will make the greatest possible efforts to people it (the territory of *Misuri or Misouri?*) at the points of most importance, inasmuch as it embraces in its wide extent the greater part of the territories in dispute between the government of the United States and Spain, which the former is desirous to become masters of at every risk, not only to open a communication by land with the Pacific ocean, but to hem in the Spanish provinces, which, from the fertility of their soil, and the precious mines with which it is believed they abound, excite still more their ambition and avarice." — p. 34.

"The ambition of individual adventurers conspires with that of the government in the cultivation and population of these vast regions, and in the desire to approach more nearly by these means the more opulent and more desirable provinces of New Spain." p. 42.

"Their avarice and ambition were evinced from that time with a portentous excess." p. 73.

"The same thing will happen in a short time with the Floridas; for it is irrevocably decided in their politics, that the provinces must be theirs, **AMICABLY** or **FORCIBLY**; and there is nothing at present to prevent it, locked up and surrounded as they are by the territory of the Union, with ten millions of inhabitants so disposed as to prevent any foreign nation from setting foot into them." p. 82.

"And Congress will again appropriate another sum, and authorize the President to build other ships, frigates and smaller vessels, going on thus without intermission until they possess a fleet corresponding with the exalted ideas of aggrandizement, dominion and naval power, which fill the presumptuous imagination of every Anglo-American." p. 92.

"Thus it appears that the Anglo-American government, in the acquisition of territory, has for its object not only an extension of the limits of the country, already too great, and the preparing by this means for the dominion of the whole of the New World, but also that of laying up an immense fund of wealth and resources." p. 96.

"They consider themselves superior to the rest of mankind, and look upon their republic as the only establishment upon earth, founded upon a grand and solid basis, embellished by wisdom, and destined one day to become the most sublime colossus of human power, and the wonder of the universe." p. 106.

"The sensible man, who examines things with impartiality and profound re-

fection, cannot but foresee the ruin of these states in the blind impetuosity of their ambition, and the excess of their pride." p. 107.

"The Federal government appears to be insatiable in the acquisition of territory." p. 108.

"The United States had scarcely seen their independence acknowledged, tranquillity and good order established in their republic, and the place settled which they were to hold among independent powers, when they formed the ostentatious project of driving from the continent of America the nations that held possessions in it, and of uniting under their dominion, by federation or conquest, the whole of the colonies." p. 120.

"They sent emissaries every where, and even military expeditions, under the orders of well-informed and experienced chiefs, to explore the internal provinces of Mexico, and the islands of Porto-Rico and Cuba; they procured correct maps of these dominions of Spain," &c. &c. — p. 121.

"I will merely remark, that this confirmation of our weakness discovered to the United States, that they might, without risk, attempt to unite to their territory those possessions of the monarchy which most flatter their wishes." p. 122.

These copious extracts, and the manner in which, the reader will observe, they are scattered throughout the pages of the Memoir, plainly indicate how essential Don Luis believed it, to be able to establish his position in the minds of the Cortes: but it is barely credible, that an individual having the least respect for his own rank and character, should endeavour to persuade the sceptical deputies, that our "mad and presumptuous ambition" extended even unto the antipodes! — that a *plan was in agitation* in the American cabinet, to incorporate with the dominions of the republic, not only "Mexico, Caracas, the internal provinces, Santa Fe, Buenos Ayres and Cuba," but "even THE PHILLIPINE ISLANDS" in the Eastern Ocean! — that the "United States flattered themselves," by promoting the independence of South America, "a single republic might be formed of the vast continent of America, the presidential seat of which it was proposed should be changed from WASHINGTON TO PANAMA!" —

Don Luis would not have been at all more extravagant if he had extended our "mad and presumptuous ambition" towards the erection of a republic in China — the conquest of Thibet and Japan — and the colonization of Notasia!

We apprehend we have now satisfactorily established the truth of our previous assertion relative to the political insanity of Don Luis: "He seems," says the translator, "to have been well acquainted with the physical strength and susceptibilities of the United States; and having reflected so long and so enviously upon what it was in their power to accomplish, he has at last persuaded himself that the schemes were actually in agitation." But we do not altogether agree with Mr. Watkins — being unwilling to concede that, with all his credulity, Don Luis ever persuaded himself of the truth of his assertions. There is not even a *Bedlamite* politician — at all acquainted with the national policy — whose disordered imagination could possibly compass the probability of so preposterous a plan, as the incorporation of Laconia, Mindanas, and the Phillipines in general, with the American republic. Nevertheless, should that policy be changed, and the removal of a destructive restrictive system infuse new animation into the commercial population, a most interesting view might be taken of the various advantages deducible from the occupation of Laconia, and the effect it would have upon our trade with China, the Eastern Islands, and the South Seas.

As a colony of the United States, Manilla would speedily become one of the most valuable possessions among the Eastern Islands; a *dépot* for the rich productions of China, and a place of transit for the foreign articles consumed in that vast empire; thus relieving our commerce from the enormous fees, duties and exactions with which it is burdened in a direct trade with Canton; a source of wealth from its internal resources, its cultivation of sugar, indigo and tobacco — a convenient harbour and market for our merchantmen during peace, and a place of refuge in case of war; and, should our relations with China become extended, its importance would be eminently great. Although the prospect is decidedly favourable, it is impossible precisely to foretell the result of a mission to the emperor of China, which our government will, sooner or later, be compelled to despatch, so as to uphold the dignity of the American character in

China—to minister to the prejudices of a peculiar people—to resist the encroachments of a counteracting influence, and to preserve our trade on an equitable and impartial footing. We look forward to such a mission, within any reasonable period, with more eagerness than hope, although it might be attended with important grants, and open to us the port of *Ghusan*, situated in the immediate vicinity of the tea-cultivation, and having a direct, internal, water-communication (which is not the case with Canton) with the whole tea and silk countries—the principal sugar and cotton plantations, and the manufactories of porcelain. In such an event, of what immense importance would be the possession of *Luconia*!

But *Don Luis* is not yet satisfied with his exposition of our gigantic ambition. Independent of South America, and the whole group composing the *Phillipines*, our mad presumption is directed to the conquest of the British possessions in the north of America—"the islands in the Bahama Channel," and *par consequence* of "the Antilles!" pp. 125, 126. There are even places destined to be the victims of our insatiable "avarice and ambition," and so recorded by *Don Luis*, with whose topography we profess ourselves totally ignorant; and we venture to predict, that our most experienced commanders and best organized armies, would be overwhelmed with shame and defeat, from pure inability to ascertain the locality of the territories which they may be commanded to conquer, and "incorporate with the American republic" by the general government at *Panama*!

"There seems to be no room to doubt," says the accurate *Don*, "that the United States are firmly resolved to get possession of the provinces of *Canada*, *New England*, and the rest of the islands that Great Britain possesses on the Continent of America."\*—p. 125.

Should the United States be fortunate enough to discover and conquer these unknown lands, and strangely located islands, its dominions would indeed become "the wonder of the universe."—"Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord—"

\* This is not a mis-translation, the original being as follows: "y demás islas que posee la Gran Bretaña en el continente de America!"—TRANS.

said *Gonzalo*—"He'd sow it with needle-seed," interrupted *Antonio*; "Or docks or mallows," quoth *Sebastian*;—"and were the king of it," continued *Gonzalo*, "what would I do?"—"Scape getting drunk for want of wine," replied *Sebastian*.\*

Islands, indeed, appear to have been grievous stumbling-blocks in the path of the minister, inasmuch as in addition to the newly-created ones already mentioned, he has entitled "Nantucket, a small town of *Rhode Island*," to the great prejudice of *Massachusetts*, p. 54. Moreover we have his authority for declaring Connecticut the most populous state in the Union, (p. 26) and *Dupont's* powder-mills, situate "near Washington, in the state of *Delaware*!" p. 57. Now as *Don Luis* has established the *island* of *New England* on the *continent* of North America, and *Nantucket* in *Rhode Island*, and *Washington* in the state of *Delaware*, we positively see no reason why he may not, with equal justice, transfer the *Phillipines* into the *continent* of South America!—and, in truth, the geographical accuracy of the *Don* has in so many instances excited our admiration, that we have very strong doubts whether, in associating the *Phillipines* with our projected South American conquests, he was altogether acquainted with the precise situation of those islands.

The learned *Hidalgo* may, however, seek consolation in the pages of a most ponderous work in five 4to volumes, purporting to be "The Geographical and Historical Dictionary of America and the West Indies," written and compiled by one *colonel* *Don Antonio de Alcedo*, *captain* of the Royal Spanish Guards, and *Member* of the Royal Academy of History;† which work we should have strong suspicions, and good internal evidence for believing, did

\* *Tempest*, Act 2. Scene 1.

† "The Geographical and Historical Dictionary of America and the West Indies, containing an entire translation of the Spanish work of Colonel *Don Antonio de Alcedo*, Captain of the Royal Spanish Guards, and Member of the Royal Academy of History. With large additions and compilations from modern voyages and travels, and from original and authentic information. By *G. A. Thompson*, Esq. London, 1812."

*Vide* *Literary Gazette*, Vol. I. No. 16. p. 254.

actually lay the foundation of the ex-ambassador's geographical education, were it not for the diversity of opinion existing between the two celebrated geographers, in regard to *New England*; for *Don Luis* stoutly declares it to be an *island*, whereas *Don Antonio* as positively maintains that it is a *province* of North America, of which *Connecticut* is a *county*, and whereof *Boston* is the *capital*. Besides *Don Luis* insists, that "with the exception of *Philadelphia*, *New York*, *Baltimore*, *Boston* and *Charleston*," p. 108, there is not a collection of houses "that deserves even the name of town;" whereas *Don Antonio* makes particular mention of *Burlington*, a "city situate on an island in the middle of the river *Delaware*, opposite *Philadelphia*;" and furthermore gives a very flattering account of its commercial prosperity, and favourable situation, it "carrying on a great commerce in *hides*, *whalebone*, *oil*, and *fish*," being very celebrated for its "flour, pork, and white peas;" and, owing to "its convenient communication with *Philadelphia*, a place of great commerce by the river *Salem*!" What an exquisite jumbling of the "hides, whalebone, oil and fish" of the flourishing *town* of *Salem* in *Massachusetts* with an insignificant *creek* of the same name in *New Jersey*; which, notwithstanding its agency in the "great commerce" carried on by *Burlington*, is only navigable for 3 or 4 miles from its mouth by vessels of 40 or 50 tons!\*

\* So far from considering *Don Antonio* inexcusable for this blunder, we have much cause to wonder his "geographical history" has been so little confused and perplexing, seeing that no less than fourteen places exist in these United States, under the nomenclature of *Salem*, viz. a *county*, a *town*, and a *creek* in *New Jersey*—a *county* and a *post-office* in *South*, and a *town* in *North*, *Carolina*—a *town* and a *township* in *New York*, and a *town* in *Massachusetts*—two *townships* in *Pennsylvania*, one in *Vermont*, and another in *New Hampshire*—and finally, a *settlement* on the *Huron river*! (Vide Scott's *Geographical Dictionary*.)

[To be continued.]

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